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"I don't want to see her."
 "But why?"
 "If you will have it, because I am in love with another woman. Good-bye."
 "No! I must hear more about this. You never told me you were in love with another woman. I thought you told me everything."
 "I didn't know it until today."
 She had crossed at all this, yet a flush came into her cheeks and for a moment she was silent. Then she said: "I think now you had better go."
 "I'll not go until I have told you all! I am in love with you, and did not know it until this very day—until just now, when you talked so complacently of my marrying some other woman."
 "But I didn't," she said, quietly.
 "Didn't? Why, what do you mean? Didn't you urge me to marry a young woman with money? Didn't you urge it on me, and say the young woman was in love with me?"
 "Why, of course I did, and I stand to it. But I didn't say it was any other young woman."
 "Oh!" he exclaimed, and his delight faded no other word.
 "Sit down beside me, Lewis," she said. "Don't you know that it is leap year?"
 So he sat beside her.

LINCOLN AND STANTON.
 New Reminiscence Showing the Peculiar Relations Between Them. Stanton in an Ugly Mood—How He Was Smoothed Down.
 Hon. Will C. Calkins in the Indianapolis Press.

During the Civil war, while I was stationed at Cincinnati, I received a letter inclosing a large bundle of commendations from an old Indiana friend of mine, who then resided in Iowa. He wanted to be appointed in the commissary department with the rank of captain and asked me to sign his name.

I sent the papers to Senator James Harlan, of Iowa, and asked him to see the president and secure the place for my friend if he could. The senator replied that he would do so, but would wait until I came to the capital, and he would go to the senate in the meantime. I obtained permission of the chief of the department with which I was connected, and went to Washington. We went to see Mr. Lincoln, and found him disengaged, and what was still better, in one of his happiest moods. We made the longest appeal we could for our friend's promotion, and handed the papers to the president for his inspection. The first paper he read was my letter to the senator in regard to the application. My letter was hastily written and was not as legible as it ought to have been, and Mr. Lincoln finally asked him if the purpose of all his criticism was to the end that I could not write a document that could be easily read.

order, and he said: "You have to get it out of Stanton, and I have very little influence with Stanton. If he is in a bad humor when you go to him he will not pay much attention to my order. Wait until you are through with him before you waste your thanks. I have very little influence with the secretary."
 We regarded that as one of the president's jokes and bade him good day and started for the office of the secretary of war, hoping to find him in a good humor as we had found the president.
 Stanton's UGLY MOOD.
 Senator Harlan on the way said that Lincoln was right, that if the secretary was in one of his worst moods we would fail, and that he dreaded our interview with him. We had agreed that the senator was to present the matter to Stanton before we started to the capital. Harlan weakened and said if Stanton was in a bad humor he would say nothing to him about it, but simply make a formal call and take the matter up later.
 I told the senator that would not suit me, as my leave of absence from my post expired in a day or two, and the matter must be settled now. He said that Stanton had snubbed him before, and if he was in a bad humor today he would not give him a chair to do it again. I told the senator that I would tackle Stanton if he declined the job. I sent our cards in to the secretary and in a short time we were invited in, and found the great war secretary in a fury. Things were going wrong at the front, and the army and navy were fairly black with impatience and chagrin. Somebody had disobeyed his orders. He said in a perfunctory way that he was glad to see us, and after we were seated, he asked us what he could do for us, and to be brief, as he was pressed with many important things. I looked at Harlan, and he was the picture of despair and signaled me to proceed, which I did, as I saw he would do nothing.
 As soon as I made known our mission, Stanton's frown became heavier, and more intense and forbidding, and, fearing that he would cut me off at once and decline to consider the matter, I kept on talking, so as to keep the floor, and said to him that we had just been to see the president and thought we had won our case, as he had ordered the appointment, for which we thanked him, and then I reported what Mr. Lincoln said—that he had but little influence with Stanton, and he doubted if we could do anything with him. The frown on the face of the great secretary gave place to a smile, and, with great earnestness, he asked if the president really had said that. I repeated to Harlan, who confirmed my statement. Stanton said Lincoln must have been joking. That seemed to please the secretary, and, after protesting that the president ought not to have said it, he made the appointment.

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Young Mrs. Maynard

THE LATE Joshua Maynard was good enough to accumulate a considerable fortune and considerable enough to leave the bulk of it to his widow. The estate was not in the least involved, and all the various charities and educational institutions benefited under the will were settled with long before the expiration of the year allowed by law for such business. Attention to these details did much to occupy Mrs. Maynard's mind during the first months of her widowhood. As she was young, she had often passed for her husband's daughter, her mourning was not over poignant or long enduring. There was an extended journey abroad, and then he settled in her New York city home to enjoy life in his own way.

It was considered in entertaining friends of her own choosing, among whom she became a social leader, but she never aspired to lead in high society, and lived quietly, considering the extent of her fortune. Having a dread of money hunters she skillfully spread abroad the report that her wealth was determined never to marry again.

Among her friends was one Lewis Baxter, of whom she became quite fond. Baxter was a war correspondent, and as there was no war on at that time, and he wasn't of much use in ordinary journalism, he had no end of time on his hands, and to the same token, no little difficulty in making both ends meet. The first time she saw him Mrs. Maynard said to herself: "Now I should like to have that man for a friend." And soon she had him for a friend. He became her very devoted friend, and in company with whom she often asked as they were parting. His answer generally was: "Whenever you like." But he never came uninvited. He never paid a formal call, or came, unless she specially wished him, or one of her "at home" evenings.

Baxter grew communicative in his leisure hours, giving the widow the benefit of his grumbling against fate for keeping him unemployed.

"So I want another war," he said one day. "It is terrible selfish—but we are all terribly selfish when we are hard up."

"But look here—I heard of several secrets of yours quite lately," Mrs. Maynard interposed.

"Secrets of mine? I don't think I have any."

"Oh, yes—I know. I have heard about them. I don't do it because you never supposed that I knew anything about it."

"Oh—that—there's nothing in that. It would be cheaper to be dead, if one might not do a good turn for some distant folks in distant eyes, and then they don't see you next of kin, or charitable or domestic work of any kind. I don't because it pleases me."

"Then they remained in a state of amazement. Mrs. Maynard asked him then if that was the case, why she would tell him so. Convicted of her candor and admiring her frankness Baxter sat down again.

"I want to talk to you about your-

woman who would be very fond of you."
 "But I don't care about her—I don't want her. Who is she?"
 "Oh, come now, as if I could tell you her name after the way in which you have taken my offer."
 "Your offer? You have no right to make any offer of the kind. You are not the 'Matrimonial News' or whatever it is called."
 "But now, seriously," she said, "is it fair that my friend should be cut out from all chance of marrying the man she admires—and very likely loves—or would come to love—merely because she has a lot of money? Is she to be left to the delicate attentions of the more fortunate beauties?"
 "Get married. He sprang from his chair with a dash of anger on his face—and a perfectly new revelation in his heart. He had not known it before. He had sat with her and talked with her day after day; he had been her friend, and had heard her call him her confidant; he had found her friendship grow day by day more dear to him and more useful for him, but he had never until now realized the fact that he was absolutely in love with her. How did he come to realize it now? Just because of the few words of easy kindly friendship she had let drop, in which she told him he ought to get married—to get married to some other woman, and be Mrs. Maynard's comfort no more!"
 "So then," he said to his own soul, "she cares nothing about me—nothing at all except a kindly friendship."
 Mrs. Maynard went on without seeming to take any notice of his emotion—if, indeed, she had noticed it.
 "Won't you sit down?" she asked sweetly.
 He sat down with something rather like a growl.
 "You also went on, 'I am quite convinced that you ought to get married—and to a woman with money.'"
 "Do you mean to annoy me?" he asked angrily. "Do you really mean to say that you believe I am a man to sit in love to a woman, to swallow her words, and to be deceived?"
 "I didn't say a word about swindling a woman out of her money."
 "No—of course—you did not say that. But what else is it, if one makes a mistake to a woman in order to get hold of her money?"
 "But why make them love to be? Why not get to love them in spite of her money? Suppose I know a young woman who admired you greatly, and has money, and who, I think, would marry you if you tried for her."
 "Try! For—what a way of putting it!"
 "My friend, do not be too excited—do not insist on riding the high horse quite so much. We are people of the world, you and I."
 "I am not," he interrupted, "and I didn't think you were, either."
 "Oh, well, we live in the world, and we have to recognize it. We are all full in with them—money or love. Now, suppose this young woman did admire you, and that I told you I thought I could help you, and make things easy for you—why should you not begin by making love to her, and end by falling in love with her—before or after marriage? I don't think it matters very much, but on the whole I fancy it had better begin after this fashion."
 "You are in a scoffing humor to-day," he said, moodily.
 "Not the least in the world. I am thinking only of your good."
 "Then please don't think of it any more—in that way."
 "In that way? Why, what harm could it do you to marry a rich young-

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